

The Farmington Times.

VOL. 46

FARMINGTON, ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1919

NO. 8

Circuit Court

State vs. Emil Peters, incert; trial by jury; verdict of guilty and sentenced to 7 years in penitentiary.

State vs. C. A. Robinson, illegal sale of cigarettes; motion to quash is sustained.

State vs. Earnest Kaff, illegal sale of cigarettes; motion to quash is sustained.

State vs. W. E. Barbin, illegal sale of cigarettes; motion to quash is sustained.

Fillmore Long vs. Alice Long, divorce; ordered by court that plaintiff have care and custody of three minor children.

State vs. Price Gloire, illegal sale of cigarettes; plea of guilty and fined \$300.

State vs. Price Gloire and Red Harrington, gambling; plea of guilty as to Price Gloire and fined \$25.

State vs. Edward Horne, illegal sale; dismissed by State.

State vs. Edward Horne, illegal sale; plea of guilty and fined \$300.

L. E. Cole excused from further service as juror.

Adam Neider vs. Ophelia L. Neider, divorce; decree granted as prayed for.

Louis Robb vs. John Bunch, damage; continued by agreement to May term.

Mary Anna McDowell vs. Mandora Thurman et al, appeal from J. P.; continued by agreement to May term.

Fred Miller Brewing Co. vs. Joe Diemer et al, judgment confessed for \$250 and interest as prayed for.

J. H. Crabtree vs. Green Insurance Co., policy; judgment by agreement on first count for \$500; on second count for \$275.

Butler Bros. vs. Del Evans et al, dismissed as to Scott Jones; judgment by default as to Del Evans and other defendants for \$67.35 and interest at 6 per cent from April 13, 1916.

The Bank of Leadwood vs. The Estate of G. B. Gale; ordered by court that plaintiff recover \$1260.86, with interest at rate of 8 per cent from June 29, 1918.

Carr Hartshorn vs. Miners & Merchants Bank, rent; continued by agreement to May term of court.

Theo. Kiepe vs. Thos. J. Deper; dismissed by plaintiff.

City of Bonne Terre vs. Pete Ratley; from police court; dismissed by plaintiff and at its cost.

Hartford Insurance Co. vs. Geo. Stanfill; cause continued to May term.

C. L. Bessinger vs. Carr Hartshorn et al, appeal from J. P.; jury trial; verdict for plaintiff for \$11.25.

Steven Burks et al vs. The Farmington Times, replevin; jury trial; verdict for plaintiff; jury returned following verdict: We, the jury, find that plaintiff, Steven B. Burks, is the owner and entitled to the possession of the Mitchell Six-cylinder Automobile Model 540, No. 81384, mentioned in the evidence, and was the owner and entitled to the possession thereof at the time of the institution of this suit and that the same is wrongfully detained by the defendants, The Farmington Times Printing Co., St. Francois County Motor Co., A. W. Bradshaw, S. J. Liner, Mrs. T. B. Welch, at the county of St. Francois and State of Missouri. Ed Johnson, Foreman.

Sarah S. McDowell vs. Martin L. Clardy et al, damage; case dismissed as to Clardy, leaving the City of Farmington as sole defendant; verdict for plaintiff in sum of \$3,500.

Collector of Income Taxes Here

Editor Times:—Will you please publish the following:

I will be at the following points in St. Francois county for the purpose of assisting taxpayers in making out their income tax returns for 1918:

Farmington, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 27 and 28, at Recorder's office, court house;

Flat River, Saturday and Monday, March 1 and 3, at Y. M. C. A. building;

Bonne Terre, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 4 and 5, at postoffice.

Bismarck, Thursday, March 6, at hotel.

Persons liable for tax are requested to call promptly on first day advertised, at their nearest or most convenient point, to avoid the rush. All returns must be filed by March 15th, as the U. S. Treasurer has announced that there will be no extension of time. At least one-fourth of the tax due must be paid when the return is filed.

G. B. SNIDER,
U. S. Deputy Collector.

In Remembrance

of Employees

To keep in remembrance the employees of State Hospital No. 4, who enlisted in the army, the Tree Planting there on March 1st, will be a memorial proceeding.

Only four of the number returned and are now filling positions at the institution. Two are in the Army Medical Department, and part of the others have been discharged, and the balance are still in the service.

This Memorial Tree Planting might well be emulated by the heads of families and town authorities.

Dr. R. E. Walsh

DENTIST

Office in New Era Building,
FLAT RIVER MO.
Phone 497.

Judgment Against City for \$3,500

The damage case of Sarah E. McDowell against Martin L. Clardy and the City of Farmington, came up for trial Wednesday in Circuit Court. The plaintiff asked for \$5,000 damages from each of the defendants for the death of her husband, which occurred last summer, on the Clardy farm, just west of the city limits, by Mr. McDowell evidently coming into contact with a live electric wire, which resulted in his death.

After the evidence was all in, attorneys for plaintiff dismissed further action against Martin L. Clardy, leaving the City of Farmington as the sole defendant. Evidence showed that Mr. Clardy had used every possible precaution to guard against the very thing that occurred. He had immediately notified the Light and Water office in this city that a live wire was down, and asked that it be repaired at once, which was promised should be done. But before the city's employees could reach the job, the damage had been done.

It seems, from the evidence submitted, that Mr. Clardy had taken every possible precaution to guard against just what transpired. He had notified all his harvest hands to be wary of the live wire, and had also moved it as far away from the road as was possible. While no one saw McDowell take hold of the wire, the evidence indicated that he must have done so knowing that it was a live wire, as he had been notified. But he expressed a doubt that it could be at all dangerous, and it seems likely that the desire to settle that point in his mind was the cause of his death.

But the jury thought that negligence on the part of the city authorities was indicated in the evidence, and a verdict was returned awarding the plaintiff \$3,500 damages. The Times has been informed that the case will be appealed to the higher courts.

Dr. J. B. Robinson has been critically ill the past several days, suffering from gall stones. His suffering has been intense, and it has been necessary to keep him under the influence of morphine much of the time. His condition is causing the family and a host of friends grave uneasiness. His condition appears to be slightly improved as The Times goes to press, and it is the fervent hope of the entire community that the crisis is past.

Church People Pledge Support

The congregations of the different churches in Farmington on Sunday joined in a wireless message to President Wilson, in which the Chief Executive was warmly congratulated upon his great achievements in Europe, and assuring him of the ardent and enthusiastic support of the church people of this city in the splendid and stupendous work in which he is engaged. Strenuous disapproval was also indicated to all opposition to the program to which President Wilson is so largely contributing in perfecting a League of Nations which will insure permanent world peace.

The wireless was signed by 300 prominent citizens of St. Francois county, who were among the different congregations in this city that morning. There were efforts on the part of a few to name some of the more prominent opponents of the President's actions, which were overcome. There was really no need for the injection of any such personality, which might have weakened the message, which was as follows:

"To President United States, care steamer George Washington—Accept our appreciation of the wonderful work you have done in Europe. We have read and understand every word of the proposed constitution for a League of Nations. We are not afraid of any agreement that calls for peace and good will among men, no matter what anyone says to the contrary."

NO PUBLIC UTILITY CONTROL

The Times heartily endorses the following from a recent issue of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

Reports that influential men interested in the United Railways and other public utilities are trying to prevent the reappointment of Edwin J. Bean of the State Public Service Commission have a deep interest for the public, especially the people of Missouri. This attitude of public utility interests is due to Mr. Bean's opposition to the commission's assumption of power to raise rates above the rates fixed in franchise grants, and the order raising the United Railways fare to 6 cents.

We hold no brief for Mr. Bean or for any other member of the commission, but we insist that the appointment of members of the State Public Service Commission shall not be controlled by public utility representatives or influences. The defeat of Mr. Bean's reappointment on account of public utility opposition to him would be a disgrace and a fatal blow to the usefulness of the Public Service Commission. If the public utilities dictate the appointment of members of the Public Service Commission, the sooner that body is put out of commission the better. It will become the tool of the public utility interests. If the commission is not protected from special influences it ought to be abolished.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Cole and son, Dwight, of Bonne Terre were guests last week-end of Mr. Cole's sister, Mrs. W. L. Johnson.

After They've Seen Paris

Broadway, cynical Old Broadway, the boasted "White Way" of New York, lined with lobster palaces and flanked by gin mills, is asking one of its cynical questions through a cheap and cynical little song, says the St. Louis Republic.

It is a question sung carelessly, sneeringly, at a hundred thousand farm homes. In a year from now it will be echoed in different words and by brooding fathers and mothers on a good many lonesome farms.

"How ya gona keep 'em down on the farm—
After they've seen Parree?"

That is what careless, painted Broadway is asking, and, after all, Broadway and all that Broadway stands for has seen a good many generations come and go.

"How ya gona keep 'em away from Broadway;
Jazzin' aroun'—and a-paintin' the town?"

Huskily sings the cabaret "singer" in an atmosphere that is rolulent of high-balls and rogue—an atmosphere that vibrates to the beat of "jazz music" and the clicking of heels.

"How ya gona keep 'em away from harm?
Than't the mystery;
How ya gona keep 'em down on the farm—
After they've seen Parree?"

Every report following demobilization in this country refers to the number of farm-bred boys who are lingering in the already congested big cities trying to find work, trying to stay with the crowds, looking with confessed uneasiness at the prospect of going back to the fields. Broadway has asked a question that is going to take a lot of solving. One that cannot be passed over by appointing an investigating committee of well-fed Congressmen to junket around all summer and finally make a voluminous report meaning nothing at all.

Farms are calling for men now. Farmers' organizations are petitioning for early demobilization that there may be men for the plows and the tractors. And while the farm calls, the nation's "White Ways" and "Broadways" are calling and the boys are making no haste back to the long white lanes and wide, green fields.

Secretary Lane has hopes of his plans. He would draw the youngsters back to the lands again, by giant reclamation undertakings, by little village communities of farmers, living together and fighting the loneliness that is the most hated and feared and criticized feature of farm life. But Secretary Lane can't reach them all.

What is the farm itself going to do to hold these wandering lads? Is it to go on in the old ways, the old traditions? Are roads to be no better than they were in the days of the plodding oxen? Are the schools to remain as they are, poorly equipped, badly housed, starving the teacher on a miserable salary? Is there always to be a difference between the value of the education given the boy and girl who live in the fields and those who happen to live inside the limits of an incorporated town?

Are the schools to go on, as they have done from the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, educating the youngsters of the farms away from their birth-places? Giving them that "slant" away from the fields and the sun and toward the professions and the asphalt streets? Making them ashamed of the calling of their fathers?

Is the farm community to forever hold back from granges, from clubs, from community meeting houses, from community effort, from getting together and pooling its collective brains toward solving the problem of holding its own blood, brains and brawn? From better roads and community and consolidated school buildings, boys' clubs, athletic teams and games, and the hundred and one other ways that have been found worthy and valuable in interesting men and women and bettering them and theirs?

That Broadway song's inquiry is not a new one. The thing that is back of it has been pulling farm boys and girls to the cities for generations. That pull has now become dangerous—dangerous to the farm, dangerous to the cities, dangerous to all the Broadways and "White Ways", dangerous to the Nation itself!

Only the best brains can solve it. It is a bigger problem than that menacing one of Labor. Compared to it, the liquor problem sinks to insignificance. There are men who predict that when 50 years have run their course, the Corn-Belt farms of the country may be merged into vast estates, operated by capitalists, worked by a race of tenants little better than serfs—estates making vast profits in feeding congested, feverish, overbuilt industrial and factory centers. Something like the great Roman estates, the "latifundias" that grew up in the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall. There are other prophets who see in it the seeds of Bolshevism, the Thing that is Civilization's Death.

BRIDGE WHIST

Miss Marion Glessing entertained at bridge whist Saturday afternoon, complimentary to Miss Hammond of Chicago.

Following is the guest list: Mesdames Robert Forsythe, F. S. Weber, Walter Morris, E. L. Horton, J. P. Cayce, L. F. Castleman, J. C. Morris, M. Butterfield, K. C. Weber.

Perry McCormick of Plattin, who has been sick for ten days with pneumonia, is at this time reported in improved condition.

Sail On, Sail On

What shall we say, great Admiral, say If we sight naught but seas at dawn?

"Why, we shall say at break of day, Sail on, sail on and on and on."

So spake Columbus, through the deathless lute of old Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. So spake the great Admiral to his scowling crew when he sailed the unknown waters of the trackless deep.

On, on he sailed, and then, on a sunny morning he found a new world lying at his feet. So great a faith could not fail of reward. Had there been no new world at all, God would have created one for the immortal Genoese.

It has been so in all the ages. Faith in the justice that is to be, trust in the ultimate good—these are the things that have always won. Whatever else has failed, man's struggle upward for the light has never failed. Delays there were, and disappointments, but there has never been defeat.

Let us consider for a moment what an appalling thing it would be if faith and hope were to desert the whole heart of mankind. What would happen if every human being on the face of the earth became a pessimist?

It would be the same as though the sun itself turned cold and swung into the heavens a dead world like the moon. It would be as though we had climbed the stairs of life and closed the door behind us.

Men would soon cease to care to live in that kind of a world. They would jump into the seas and end existence in other sad ways. It would not be long until the grass would grow in the streets of silent cities; the lions would come back to the Palaces of Tyre.

Dreadful as it is to contemplate such a situation, it almost seems sometimes as though it were about to come true. At such times one hears on every hand only the voices of the prophets of despair. The hope of a better day is derided. Unbelief takes the center of the stage and mouths its gloomy hour in sackcloth with ashes on its head.

It is almost like that now. The world has been upset and there are those who say it can never be set to rights again. They say that the end of all things is near.

But, never were prophets more false. The world will not only be righted, but it will be righted gloriously. It will be a better world than it has ever been since God first flung it from the hollow of His hand.

This vast unrest is nothing new. It is an old malady. But it is only a malady, and not death. And it is also a malady that grows less severe each time that it recurs. Unhealthy as the mind of the world is at this hour, the records of history furnish ample proof that there were times, and many times, before when conditions were far worse and when, consequently, they appeared to be more hopeless.

Yet we know very well that the sickness passed. For, it is the same with the world that it is with any individual who is one of the many who go to make up a generation. The individual gets sick. But, when his blood is washed out and its distempers are removed, he becomes well again and is even a better man than he was before.

Whoever will read history patiently will become an impregnable optimist. He will see that each succeeding century of time brought man forward to an improvement over the state of those who preceded him.

There was a time, for instance, when only a few men could read or write. There was a time when movable type had not been invented, when there were no printing presses. There were no books, no ink or pens, no mails, telegraphs or any means of intercourse between far separated friends other than runners. There was no soap, no artificial teeth, no fires to cook with.

The poor man of today has comforts and luxuries at his hand that King James did not dream of. The 12-year-old daughter of an American laborer has a better education than the princesses of the realm could ever hope to have in olden times, or even in times that are far from olden.

More than all this, it is necessary to go only a comparatively short distance back into the past to find a time when the common man was a slave and worse than a slave. If his soul was his own he did not dare say so. He was knocked around like a hound dog and had to bear it without showing his teeth.

In those times the common woman was a drudge and all women were chattels. They bore their young in travail and sorrow without sympathy or the help of skilled knowledge to lighten their burdens.

If, therefore, the world did not perish of pessimism, then, is there the slightest reason for it to do so now? And it did not perish then. Instead, it struggled always upward toward the light. There was always the voice of some great admiral to shout the deathless command: "Sail on!"

The one thing above all others on which the attention of the world is focused at this hour is the International Peace Conference in France. The pessimists have seized upon it with avidity. There will be no League of Nations, the pessimists say. And there will not be an end to wars.

But, let us tell these hopeless souls, who take a morbid happiness in hopelessness, that there will be a League of Nations and there will be an end to wars. We believe that both these blessings will come out of the Peace Conference now sitting. But, if not, they are bound to come anyway. The seed has been planted and will grow.

The idea is born and there is no power less than God that can kill it. But, the pessimists point to the fact that there was a League of Nations in the past and what did it amount to? The Holy Alliance is buried long since with 10,000 yesterday.

Yes, but that was a different time. We have sailed on since then. Only the kings knew that there was a Holy Alliance. But the whole world knows the present proposition for a League of Nations.

Things are being said in France today at the assemblage of the statesmen there that are being said to the peoples of the world. And the peoples of the world are listening to what is being said. They are listening and they are thinking.

It is being said over there, that a League of Nations is necessary to preserve the world's peace now and forever. It is being said that it is the peoples of the world and not the statesmen or the kings that shall rule in the future. And it is being said that the time has passed for greed and wrong and slaughter to plunge the world into disaster and chaos.

When there were no printing presses, when only a few men could read or write, when there were no telegraphs, books or newspapers, the peoples of the world were not told what statesmen and kings proposed to do or not to do.

We have sailed on past all that now. As sure as God lives, there is a time at hand when the sword maker and the gunmaker will find their occupations gone. There is a time at hand when the strong nations of the earth must league themselves together in and for righteousness. They must do so or perish because self-preservation is now, as it has always been, the first law of nature.

Put your ear on the ground and listen. The voices of the Admirals say, "Sail on."

It is fortunate for the human race that the great majority that composed it in every age looked forward and not backward. It is more than fortunate that its impulse has always been to sail on no matter how thick the weather or how trackless the waters.

Let us approach this ideal of the world at peace, with lively sentiments of faith.

No matter how violently the world it has been broken, and no matter how it has been broken, and no matter how dark the hour appears now, let us remember that those who went before us saw blacker days even than these have been, and always they sailed on.

"Hope stands smiling on the mountain tops, and in the valleys memory," said the poet. It is as true today as it has ever been. Thank God for hope; thank God for faith.

Indeed, if one will but calmly view the situation as it is he will rejoice exceedingly in his heart. He will see that the wild unrest that is abroad is certain to subside, and that the troubled waters will soon be at rest again.

First an end must be put to wars. Then these other problems will be reached in composure, in wisdom, in justice and fair play to all. When the big minds that strive to think out the world's happiness and prosperity have no longer to contend with the scowling specter of wars, they will work miracles in the realms of peace.

The day will come when the sons of man will go forth blithely to the day's work; when capital (organized or unorganized), and labor (organized or unorganized), shall be the friends and helpmates that they were formerly destined to be; when justice and equity shall be the gospel and the law.—Los Angeles Times.

Stephen Burks Awarded Car

The case of Stephen B. Burks, by Jerry B. Burks, his next friend, vs. The Farmington Times Printing Co., Mrs. T. B. Welch and others came up for trial in the circuit court on the 24th.

The case caused much interest and comment amongst the people, but the court and jury decided that the votes which were not in the box at the closing hour of the contest should have been counted and the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the court is that Stephen B. Burks was the rightful winner of the first prize to which judicial decision The Times must and does bow, for it is now the law.

Acquitted of Murder

The case of the State against Ralf Connelly, a minor, charged with killing a foreigner in the Lead Belt, came up for trial Saturday, before R. C. Tucker, Judge of the Juvenile Court. The case was continued over to Monday, and after all the evidence had been heard, Judge Tucker dismissed the defendant, his judgment being that there was not sufficient evidence to convict the defendant.

The only evidence introduced against the defendant was an alleged confession, which had been secured by Sam Doss and John Lee. The referees found that the alleged confession had been secured by threats and intimidation by John Lee, and was not such a confession as warrants a conviction.

LICENSED TO MARRY

Feb. 21—Herman Pinkston and Ethel Archambo, Flat River.

Feb. 27—Henry B. Tenholder and Effie M. Lawson, Bonne Terre.

Miss Augusta Lawrence is confined to her home again by sickness.

Times Editor Has Been "A Courtin'"

The Times management desires here to make a confession. Not that the matter is weighing at all heavily on our conscience, which is as clear as a bell. But we do realize that the local matter in this issue it not up to the usual standard, at least in quantity. It is therefore our desire to prove an "alibi." The facts are that much of the time which The Times editor usually devotes to getting up news matter for the paper has the past week been monopolized by business elsewhere, through no fault of our own.

In other words, we have been "a-courtin'", and such a task has a tendency to disqualify one, at least to a greater or less extent, for "honest employment". At least it has had that effect upon us; possibly for the reason that such "work" is rather new and novel to us. "A-courtin'" has a somewhat soothing sound, which is alluring to practically everyone. But when the "vs." is injected into it, the entire structure is changed.

Our "courtin'" had the "vs." injected into it, and we can assure all that the consolation we found in such operation was not enticing. But we were forced into this "courtin'" experience in order to protect the good name of The Times and its editor, which we are pleased to say was amply protected, with but small actual discomfort to The Times management. We knew our hands were "clean", but all Times readers and friends could not be aware of that until we had been put through the sterilizing process of a court of law.

While we had nothing actually to gain in such procedure, this paper and its editor had much to be sustained—the honor and good reputation of both. That this has been fully and completely accomplished, we suppose, should be ample reward for our having been forced into the entangling meshes of the courts, if not the law. But with our experience fresh in mind, we would advise all to effect a compromise, if possible, even at a positive loss, rather than to get into court with the idea of securing an equitable adjustment of differences, even though it may be with an arch enemy. You will invariably find an experience as principal in a law suit as being seldom satisfactory, generally disastrous, and never wholly pleasing.

But what we started out to do was to ask the forbearance of our readers for the shortage of local news in this issue of The Times. We promise that such shortage will not occur often, if we can prevent it, and truly hope that it will never again occur from our being a defendant in a law suit.

Will Exhibit Fine Stock

C. B. Denman, John Burlaw, Jim Ballard and Westmeyer Bros. yesterday afternoon shipped to Kansas City about fifteen head of fine Hereford cattle, which will be exhibited in the Live stock show in that city next week, and the expectations and desires of all lovers of fine stock in this community are that they will bring several prizes back with them.

Each and every one of these specimens were beauties, and it would be difficult to even imagine how a specimen better than the cattle leaving here yesterday for the big show. It might be possible that their colors or markings could be improved upon, in the eyes of an expert, but so far as splendid individuals are concerned it would be practically impossible for one to even construct in the imagination stock superior to those from Farmington. May each and every one of them be awarded a blue ribbon, is the wish and desire of The Times.

Another Hero Returns Home

Clarence E. Miller, who has several times been reported as killed in France, arrived at his home in Bonne Terre Wednesday, and his appearance there was almost like restoring the dead. His folks had not heard from him since last September, since which time word had been received here, more than once that Clarence was dead, so that there was hope among relatives and friends that he was yet in the land of the living. Clarence was one of the first volunteers, was a member of the famous 138th Infantry which went from St. Louis, and he was in the thick of the fighting for about eighteen months.

Clarence was gassed, but has apparently entirely recovered from the deadly effects of that insidious and barbarous agent of destruction. He is looking fine, and he must also be feeling very comfortable after his long and strenuous service in behalf of his country. The reason he did not write to home folks more often was that he had little time for private affairs. Gladys Miller, of this city, is a sister of the hero who has been miraculously restored to relatives and friends.

Orin L. Munger, of Piedmont, has been busy in Circuit Court here this week looking after the interests of clients, doing his work thoroughly and efficiently. He never gives half-hearted service to his clients. He is not satisfied with less than the best that it is in him to give, which in a large measure accounts for his very successful practice.